

-N·E·X·U·S-

Volume 1
Number 4
November 28, 1986

WHY IS THIS HAPPY COUPLE DANCING??

BECAUSE, THIS IS NEXUS' 4th ISSUE!!!!



GRAPHICS & ART BY





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EDITORIAL

"But you will come to a place
Where the only thing you feel
Are loaded guns in your face
And you'll have to deal with pressure"
- Billy Joel

Scene 1: (Fade in to room. Melancholy music playing)

Narrator's voice: Martin Homesly is a lonely boy sitting in his study, pondering over the situation with which he is presented. He has spent one hour, one precious hour, of his time playing a game on the addictive pinball machine which sits in his basement. Wasting time which could have been spent on the more important matters at hand -- tests to study for, assignments to complete, and an editorial to write. But to-night ideas cease to fill his head, and he stares at the blank screen. The Devil, alias his brother, is crying upstairs, his mother orders him to perform his household duties, and his father threatens to place his name on the endangered species list if he fails one more test. He knows that it is beyond human possibilities to finish all his homework, so he must decide which teacher's wrath he fears the most. Now, cross over to the world of the Selwyn Student; cross over...to the Pressure Zone.

(Eerie music. Fade to black)

Scene 2: (Fade in to bustling schoolyard)

Narrator's voice: For the next four years of his high school life, Martin Homesly, like the lobster, will be tortured in the pot of boiling water that society calls school. Unlike the screaming lobster, Martin will not die quickly -- he will live to the minute of his graduation, and it is only as he steps out into the "real world" that he will die. Pressure surrounds him, pressure gnaws away at his sanity, and pressure dictates his every move. Martin attends classes for six hours every day of the week. He pays attention, takes notes, and understands what is covered in class. He figures that the homework that has been assigned will be easy. Unfortunately, Martin's homework had nothing to do with what was covered in class -- that material will be covered the following day. (Cut to burning stove) Martin has worked hard throughout the term and has obtained high marks in the work assigned in his most difficult classes. Martin loosens his tie. As Martin writes the test he realizes that the majority of the questions cover material he missed on the one day he was absent. "No sweat," he figures. He has aced the assignments. Wrong again, Martin.

up) Martin is a good athlete and his team depends on him. However, he lives far from the school and can only arrive home at seven o'clock on game and practice days. Martin decides that his marks are more important, so he quits the team. His marks soar, but watch as Martin is to be shunned for the next two years by his former teammates. Martin decides to rejoin the team, and his mark's plummet. Checkmate, Martin. (Cut to pot of water coming to a full bubble) Now it's that time of year when the pace gets fast and furious. Santa Claus decides to come earlier this year -- say, twenty days earlier -- and brings a big bundle of typed questions concerning all possible subjects for each and every boy and girl. Thank you Santa, and merry X-ams! Exams take place every day, sometimes two to a day, and there's no way Martin will have a chance to study at anytime other than the night before because of all the assignments he has due. (Cut to calendar, focus on words "Exams start") Watch as Martin searches frantically for the books that have been stolen and his notes that people have borrowed, never to be returned. (Cut to Martin in pot of boiling water, screaming) Now exams are over, and Martin is so depressed that he wants to go home and spend the rest of the holiday in bed. But Martin's friends want to "party hearty," and when he refuses to join them they call him a "loser." (Distant shot of Martin walking alone on an empty street) Martin returns home to find his father packing the car. Upon inquiring, Martin discovers that he is to spend his vacation with his deranged family at his grandparents' cottage in Anchorage, Alaska.

(Cut to Martin's limp body in pot as lid is rudely slammed down, breaking the wrist of the hand that hangs over the side of the pot. Distant scream is heard. Fade to black)

Scene 3: (Fade in to camera tracking down hallway. Men in white coats walk by. Zoom thru window of one room. It is a padded cell. Martin sits alone in the corner, weeping. He is naked aside from the can of anti-perspirant he clutches)

Narrator's Voice: Martin Homesly. A boy caught on the outer limb of society, trapped between the world of what he can attain and the world of what others expect of him. Trapped in the darkest corner of the room, in the darkest corner of his mind. Trapped in...the Pressure Zone.

(fade to black)



SPELLING IN OTHR SUBJECT

I dont know why othr teachers take marks off for speling mistkes when they dont teach english. Why do we have too have perfect speling in a subject where it doesn't count?

Mr. Booth

GRADE

REPRESENTATIVES

The Voice of Grade Eight

Well, another term has come and gone, leaving in its wake the usual number of satisfied and dissatisfied students. As usual the term zoomed by in the blink of an eye, which is normal in the hustle-bustle world of Selwyn House. For some this created problems, and the transition to the new building didn't help, to say the least, as late slips were being handed out left and right. But for most the term was a fairly successful one, and we took the transition in stride. With the end of the term come report cards, of course. For many this is a major source of anxiety, as the "old man" finally realizes you're not the angel he thought you were, and trouble breaks out in the household. All of a sudden you hang out with the wrong people, you watch the wrong television shows, you stay up too late, you don't work hard enough, you spend too much time playing sports. Well, we can all be thankful that our lives come under scrutiny only four times a year and not eleven times, as is the case in many Asian high schools.

With the end of the term also comes the end of many of the various athletic seasons. The majority of Grade Eight athletes have played on either the Bantam Soccer Team or the Bantam Football Team. The Bantam Football Team had high hopes for their season. What with many veteran Ninth Graders returning and a bunch of eager young Eighth Graders, they expected to make the play-offs and pull off a few upsets, but this was not to be, as the team was hampered by awful luck, and lost many tight games on their way to a 2-6 record and second-to-last place in the GMAA. In spite of their terrible record, the team did have one bright spot: their defensive unit. One of the league's best, it kept the team close in many games. The team definitely had a disappointing season, but the Grade 8 football players gained a year of experience, and as someone famous once said, "From bad times come good times!"

The Bantam Soccer Team, on the other hand, had a very successful season, only to be cheated out of a play-off spot in the end. This was supposed to be a building season for the team, since most of last year's semi-finalist squad either switched to football or were too old to play Bantam soccer and had to move up to Midget. But in spite of the many new, inexperienced team members, or maybe I should say because of them, the team had a surprising 10-5-1 record on their way to a third place finish in the GMAA and a bronze medal at the Bishop's Soccer Tournament. The team was well balanced: a strong defence anchored by Bobby Iasenza and Neal Banerjee; a steady, aggressive mid-field headed by Paul Avedesian and Keith Macdonald; and the free-wheeling striker duo of Nick Papageorgiou and Sammy Sirdeshpande, who together contributed

23 goals in 12 league games. Due to some unfair GMAA politics, though, the team was cheated out of a well-deserved play-off spot, as the GMAA opted to go without play-offs for an unprecedented first time.

To wrap it up, I'd just like to say good luck to everyone in Grade Eight for the second term. I hear it's going to be a heckava lot harder than the first, if that's possible!

Sammy Sirdeshpande

The Lighter Side of Exams

What? Is he crazy? you might say. "There is no lighter side to exams!"

Most students, at the mere mention of the word "exam," turn ashen-faced and make strange sounds. The word "exam" is one of the harshest and most hated sounds ever to befall the ears of the Selwyn Student. In short, "exam" is one of the most obscene four-letter words in the student's vocabulary because it leads to an even more obscene four-letter word: "work."

Well, let's get down to the story -- the lighter side of exams (Geez, how am I going to squeeze 250 words out of this?).

One of the many high points about exams is that they give us something to do at night, a sort of antidote to sleeping. Hey, we have nothing better to do, and because of exams, we can all have a wild night studying and reading some really interesting stuff like our textbooks, much of the material which is completely new to us. Another advantage in having studying to do is that it provides an excuse to stay up late. Then, we can spend time doing our favorite thing -- studying. But my very favorite thing about exams is the wonderful feeling of knowing all the answers -- ten minutes after the exam is over!

But seriously, although exams are in all a major drag, just remember that following each set of exams is a long, long holiday. So grin and bear it.

Nicholas Aspinall

Philosophies of Fun in Today's Grade 11

Through the centuries, man has acquired a taste for relaxation after a hard day's work. In the Middle Ages, knights would gather around the King after a hard day's jousting, and eat, drink, and be merry. Not much has changed in 500 years, has it, Grade 11? Today we still indulge in the same type of relaxation, but with more limited jousting beforehand.

Now, when different students (who shall remain nameless) participate in said fun activities, they can get a little carried away. This has been proved by the increased number of "shiners" which have been given and received in the past few weeks. Violence is not an avenue to fun, at least not in this reporter's mind. Neither is being detained by local city security officials. Fun is something that one can sit back and enjoy.

According to the "Shankarian" philosophies of the late Twentieth Century, fun is a commodity to be paraded in a sleazy smoke-filled room, as long as one is celebrating one's birthday. Now, if we expand our ideas and and relate more to "KenPokian," the renowned Canadian Fun-lover who believes fun should occur in the privacy of one's own living room, we begin to associate with much nicer people in much nicer surroundings.

Where are your ideals? Are you a clean, fun-loving student who enjoys boardgames and television, or are you a sleazy low life scum who enjoys the company of go-go dancers and pimps? Decide this for yourself, or ask your friends advice.

As this year draws to a close and "exam" becomes a frequently used word, why don't you stay home this weekend and study. Who knows? Maybe work can be just as much fun as carousing till all hours with a loose wallet and an even looser bladder. Maybe it will do you some good. Think about it.

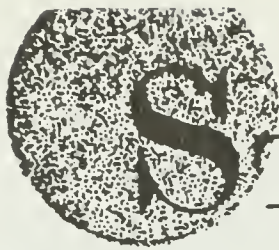
Respectfully submitted,

David Metcalf

CLASSIFIED

WANTED TO BUY:

A pair of ski boots equivalent to Ladies size 7 1/2. Warm. Comfortable. See Miss McKnight in 4A.



STAFF COLUMN

Watership Down

The most pressured experience of my brief academic career at Queen's University involved writing a three-hour examination that was to test my understanding of the English Romantic poets. This was going to be my first formal, sit down and roll up the sleeves exam in over ten years; moreover, it was to count as 50% of my year's work in the course. Too late for withdrawal, too soon to jump off the Wolfe Island ferry and mix with the propellers, and just about time to panic. When my classmates and I pressed our instructor as to the nature of the questions, his vague answers ("Review the material" or "Consider Abrams," for example) added to the myth and mystique of the exercise. Keeping a cool head, I began at this point to number myself with Hercules and Job. Where to begin the task of preparation?

Step 1: The Reading Room at the Douglas Library, where bound copies of old written exams are even now available. God was not there, but Professor Colwell's old exams were: diabolical, malicious questions designed to render catatonic the most confident of graduate students. No openings for the kind of glib generalizations that pass for small talk at the department's wine and cheese parties. Here, apparently, was the point at which all young bucks stopped, where nothing short of synthesizing all critical opinion--past, present, and future--would merit a passing grade. Oh, the conferring and abstracting power of the imagination.

Step 2: Re-read. Read. Take notes. Organize notes. Drink more tea. Don't eat. Study notes. Don't sleep. Repeat recipe until mixed.

Step 3: The night before the exam, a group of frazzled students met to consider the Big Questions. Each of us imagined others possessed knowledge or wisdom not only absent in ourselves but also vital to our success. Over Timbits and coffee, we looked behind a variety of the questions, assuming that by clever indirection the sadistic Colwell would catch out unwary literalists, never asking what he seemed to ask. Very quickly I recognized the absence of elect knowledge in others, the futility of our situation, and the wisdom of finishing my double chocolate doughnut and getting a good night's sleep.

John Keats ends his "Ode on a Grecian Urn" with these lines:

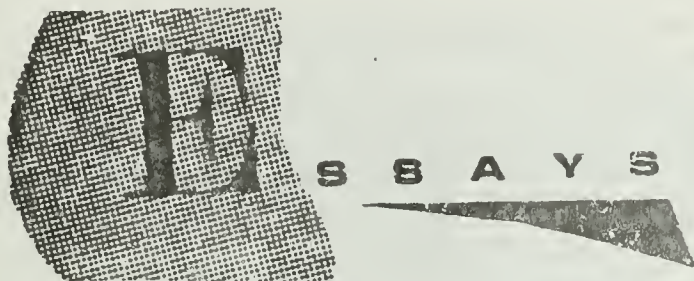
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

As I entered the exam room, I briefly considered prefacing my paper with this quotation. Surely relevant, sir? A little thin? No. At 9:15 Colwell arrived fifteen minutes late, armed with exams, a Danish for himself, and excuses. I was beyond

worry, however, and silently apologized to all the Selwyn lads whose examination fears I'd laughed to scorn. Never again, and so on. Still unravished, I read over the fifteen possible topics to choose three which I had three hours to discuss. At that point, running the Zamboni at the Forum had never seemed such an attractive career alternative. Ten minutes later, the three hours were up.

The point of this wandering anecdote, you may have already discerned, is not to demonstrate that all went well. Rather, I want to point out a few truths I see about examinations: firstly, they force us to think and to work; secondly, we know more than we think; and thirdly, they force us to consolidate and synthesize our ideas. As brain-searing and pointless as they may seem at the time, we come away from them finally--once the period of self-doubt passes--with a surer grasp of whatever the subject is. This may seem of little consolation to those of you for whom December 5 is circled in red on the calendar. If you are preparing to write as well as worrying, however, your vital signs are good. The patient will not only live but also prosper. If you are simply worrying, good luck, as it is only that fabled Scarlet Woman who will save you.

Geoffrey Dowd



Selwyn Fans?

Date: Oct.16, 1986

Place: Verdun Stadium, Que.

Event: S.H.S. Gryphons vs Lindsay PLace Eagles

Attendance (Selwyn student body): 6

Believe it or not, this ridiculous attendance figure for the semi-final game of our football team is recorded as one of this year's all time highs. It is very rare for a game featuring one of our teams to get student support: six is the record in my experience for any 'away' game. While you sit there stunned at this example of student apathy and lack of spirit, remember that football is one of the most popular sports in the school; Senior Soccer has yet to have a single supporter for any 'away' game, and Curling has yet to record a single supporter at any game.

Why, may you ask, is our support and spirit so feeble? There are a myriad of excuses -- things to do, places to go, people to meet. In ninety percent of all these cases, these are simply excuses: Selly students simply don't care, and are marked by a serious lack of school pride and spirit thereby. Why don't we care? Probably because in the past our athletics have been rather sad; we were the school that tried hard, but rarely succeeded. Despite the fact that now we actually win (Senior Soccer excluded), the disregard for our teams has persisted. Perhaps the people who choose to give their gerbil a bath rather than going to a soccer game don't realize that their support can propel our teams that final distance to

Now that I've finished being pompous and self-righteous, I wish to end this article on a positive note; the school has just shelled out about a million bucks for new facilities, facilities that headline a brand new gym with spectacular standards.

Thus I urge you to go out and see the games. Basketball season has just started, and as soon as we are in our new gym, we will be able to go and cheer them on. Get out there and show our teams that we are alive. Show your colours and support your home team!

Matthew Stevenson

Exams and the Holiday Season

Yes, my friends, that time of year is once again fast approaching. The leaves on our lawn have already been cleared away and hauled off in bags by the garbage truck, and we now welcome the early frost of winter which will leave its scar on our gardens. Soon this frost will turn to snow and thoughts of "giving, not recieving" will echo in our heads. We will garnish our plastic Christmas trees with shredded silver tinsle. The stores plead to come and visit them (hoping we will walk out with our arms laden with gifts). All you Club Z members, take note: Zellers has guaranteed that it is adding more employees to its stores for your convenience.

The skiing should be starting soon and we will all start hiding away in our country homes. Ah yes, the sweet fresh winter air welcomes us all to share in its glory. Only one obstacle remains for we students. A dirty word meaning a dirty thing prevents us from fully enjoying the coming of winter and Santa Claus. It is -- that's right, you guessed it -- exams.

Exams. Exams. Pressure, pressure, pressure. What? I don't need to study this weekend, the exams are still so far away. I'm saving this weekend to party my brains out. Yeah, yeah, I'll study next weekend for sure. Come on, I don't want to fail. Hey, is the exam schedule up yet? Give me a break, how can they expect us to study when there is no schedule? O.K., this weekend I'm going to study. No cramming during the wee hours of the morning. After all, I am in Grade 10, aren't I? All right, do I have all my books? Oh my God! I don't have my chemistry textbook! I'm soooo dead! Well, I'll rip one off some sucker. Anyway, someone probably took mine. Yeah right. If someone does it to you, you do it back. No problem. I'm organized. I think I'll go out tonight.

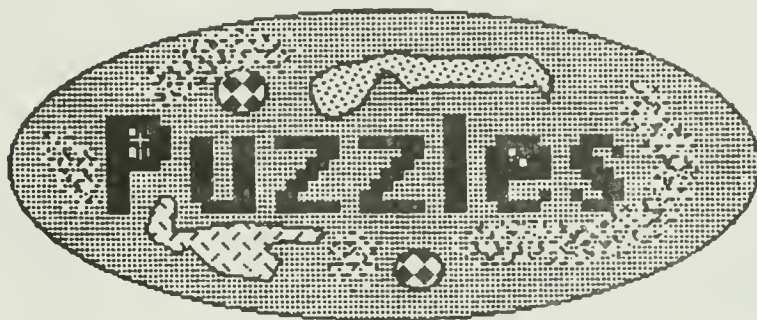
Well here we go m'hearties, right into the thick of it! Fighting left, fighting right. All right! I know this question! I knew I didn't have to study in advance. Last night's cramming paid off. Double whammy! Partying and passing. Hold it. I don't know this one, or the next one. He never told us to study this! I'm not doing so well. It's the teacher's fault anyway. I'm going to get that fink if it's the last thing I do. Finally! That one's over! No, no, don't tell me the answers, you're getting me nervous. What was that I overheard at lunch? Get lost, that wasn't the answer. You're kidding. I'm dead. I'm so dead. No matter, the holidays are coming up. Where are you

studied, smarty-pants, I told you so. No problem, I'll make up for this in June. Here, you can have your chemistry book back.

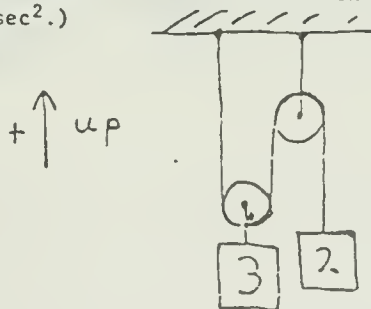
The joviality of the fast approaching holiday season rings in the air (and the shopping malls) as scores of children line up to see a fat man in a red suit. Others flock to the sunny beaches of Florida on the reduced fare tickets they bought months ago. Others drive to the ski hills, and strut their stuff in the latest ski fashions. Others stay at home and enjoy the warm turkey meal on Christmas Eve, and proceed to open their gifts at midnight on December 25. Only a few are sad during the joyous holiday season. These people may be categorized into two groups: the ones who forgot to mail their Christmas cards early, and the ones who flunked their mid-year exams. Remember friends, party hearty, but study well. Sacrifice a few weekends to study. And remember these two guidelines:

- do not steal someone's books.
- Santa Claus really exists.

By Indebir Riar



We must use up our stock of massless ropes and frictionless pulleys! Deduce the acceleration of the 3 kg mass. Take + to indicate the upwards direction. The arrow is for those who don't know which way is up! (Answers in m/sec^2 .)



- (A) -15 (B) -6.7 (C) -1.4 (D) +0.91 (E) +10

Two men, of mass 100 kg each, stand on a cart of mass 300 kg. The cart can roll with negligible friction along a north-south track and everything is initially at rest. One man runs towards the north and jumps off the cart. His departure speed relative to the cart is 5 m/sec. After the first man has left, the second man runs towards the south and jumps off the cart. His departure speed relative to the cart is also 5 m/sec. Calculate the speed and direction of the cart after both men have left. (Answers in m/sec with N or S giving direction of motion.)

- (A) 0.42 N (B) 0.25 N (C) 0 (D) 0.25 S (E) 0.42 S

ADDENDUM: NEXUS NUMBER 4

At the end of the first page, the Editorial should read as follows: "Wrong again, Martin. Tests count for 75% (Cut to pot of water heating up) Martin is a good

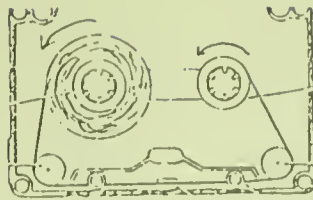
The Staff Column, at the top of its second page should read as follows: "I was beyond worry, however, and silent to all the brave young Selwyn lads...."

The 'Selwyn Fans?' essay, at the bottom of its first page should read as follows: "...can propel our team to distance to success, making our school known for its not just for its academics."

The "Exams and the Holiday Season" essay should, at its second page, read as follows: "Where are you going for vacation? Bugger off, I failed. You should have smart pants...."

APOLOGIES TO OUR READERS AND TO THE ARTICLES

THE EDITORS



In a cassette tape recorder, there are two cylindrical hubs each 2 cm. in diameter. These rotate in the same plane about axes separated by 5 cm. The tape is 1 mil (0.025 mm) thick and is wound from a shrinking roll on one cylinder to a growing roll on the other. If interference between these rolls limits the amount of tape used, what is the maximum length? Answers in metres.

(A) 66 (B) 132 (C) 149 (D) 172 (E) 344

PLEASE SUBMIT ANSWERS TO MR. MOFFAT
(answers next issue)

ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLES:

1. 41 posts 2. 50 cigarettes 3. SIN-CAP 4. 28 1/8 ft/second
5. 1+100, 2+99, 3+98... 50•101=5050 (congratulations Vinh and Vruvides)

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ART: Muller, Sung

GRAPHICS: Sung

ADVISOR: Dowd

HOLIDAY GREETINGS TO ALL!

--the editors

